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The Missile

Petersburg High School

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.



MAY, 1913



..... Contents.

| | |
|---|----|
| Staff | 3 |
| Poem | 5 |
| The Call of the Rain | 6 |
| The Little Page | 10 |
| The House of the Seven Gables | 17 |
| Editorial—Some Things We Need | 19 |
| Exchange Department | 21 |
| School Notes | 25 |
| The "Ad." Department | 27 |
| Roll of Honor | 29 |
| Social Notes | 30 |
| Alumni Notes | 33 |
| A Few Pointers | 35 |
| Advertisements | 40 |

THE MISSILE.

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THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School,

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

VOL. II.

MAY, 1913.

No. 5.

There is a tiny flower,
Whose eye is Heaven's blue;
It blooms in a sunnny bower,
So faithful and so true.

Little from it is heard,
For silence is its lot;
But when it speaks, its only word
Is o'er and o'er: "Forget-me-not."

T. L. Roettger.

THE CALL OF THE RAIN.



MARGUERITE DE GRACEY stood before her window in the Sacre'coeur Convent, and tears rolled down her cheeks as she thought of the morrow when she would have to leave this place her—home—the only home she had ever known.

The curtain parted and Sister Cecile entered, but the girl at the window neither saw nor heard her. The nun did not see the tears, but she rightly interpreted her thoughts and with a gentleness which she seldom showed placed her hand on Marguerite's shoulder.

"Mademoiselle," she whispered, "is it so bad?"

"Oh, Sister Cecile," sobbed the girl, "I shall die, I know I shall! I don't want to go. I am unhappy as it is, but there I shall be miserable."

"Hush, Mademoiselle," said the sister gently; you must not talk so. You know not the great happiness which is before you."

"Happiness?" and the violet eyes blazed. "How can I be happy when I love him not?"

"But love will come, Mademoiselle. You will learn to love him and with a love stronger and truer than that which you could give him now."

"No, sister," and the voice was gentle but sad, "I shall never care for him. I have loved but one man. He has my heart, and he shall keep it. I shall marry Prince Mazzini because of the covenant which my father made with Prince Bohemud, but I shall be true to Lorraine."

Sister Cecile's eyes were filled with tears and her voice held a sad note as she bade the girl good-night, saying that they would leave in the morning at nine.

Marguerite turned again to the window, but now it was quite dark. There was no moon in the sky, and the rain poured silently. The girl leaned her head on the casement and let her thoughts wander to years before. When she was only ten years old, her father had placed her hand in that of the little Prince who was only two years her senior, and the priest had pronounced them bound by a sacred promise to become man and wife at the end of nine years. She shuddered now as she thought of it. Every one had said that Mazzie was a handsome lad, but she had been so frightened she had never once looked on his face. Then five years later had come the visit to England, where she met Lorraine. How well she remembered that day! The rain had poured in torrents, and the boy had come with his uncle on a visit to the Duke of Louveni. She had loved him when she first saw him, although she was only a child then; and when she returned home, she had cried because Lorraine could not come. The next year she had been placed in the Sacre'coeur Convent and had stayed there two years when her father died. Lady de Gracey had then taken her daughter to England where they took up their residence. Here they lived only a few months when the mother died and Marguerite was placed in a convent. But during that year she had seen Lorraine twice, and he, being madly in love with her, had told her of his love and had extracted a promise from her that when her convent life was over, she would marry him. The girl well remembered the day she had come back to the convent.

The rain had poured, and how happy she had been! But then she had been reminded of her promise to Prince Mazzini, and during the year she had been at the convent her thoughts had been always with her lover. Now the time had come for her to go back to Rouveen, where her marriage would take place.

The girl turned from the window, and her face was colorless, but she seated herself before the fire, and taking up a book, read, far into the night.

The next morning Marguerite left the convent with Sister Cecile, and as the road was fairly good, they reached a small inn some distance from the convent by nightfall. All the afternoon clouds had been gathering but it was nearly nine o'clock before the storm broke. The wind blew so fiercely that Sister Cecile knelt praying for a long time, but it seemed to fill Marguerite's heart with joy. It had rained on every day that she had ever had any happiness, and the roar of the wind and the beating of the rain on the roof seemed to bring her memories of him—her lover—from whom she was to be separated forever. After a while the storm subsided, and the guests retired, but Marguerite could not sleep. The old clock on the stair struck ten, and with its last stroke the girl sprang up. Very softly she dressed, and going out into the corridor, listened; but there was no sound, and she went softly down stairs to the sitting-room. She was listening breathlessly when the inn-keeper's daughter, a pretty peasant girl about sixteen years old, came in.

"Is Mademoiselle ill?" asked the girl, dropping a courtesy.

"No, Beatrice," whispered Marguerite, "but quick, get me a man's outfit."

"A man's outfit?"

"Yes," commanded the girl, "and hurry." Beatrice was back in a few minutes with an old outfit of her brother's.

"This?" she whispered, holding it up.

"Yes," answered Marguerite, "and hurry, get me a horse, bring it around to the door, and make no noise."

"Mademoiselle," the girl exclaimed in an astonished voice, "you must not go out into the night. The storm is barely over, and it is raining yet. The woods are thick and dark."

But before she had finished speaking, Marguerite was out of the door. The girl hastened up stairs to tell her father, but long before men were sent in search of Marguerite she was far off through the woods.

The darkness of the woods was impenetrable and now as she rode farther into them the horse began to stumble. At one of these times she was thrown off and in falling her right arm was thrown under her. She managed to mount again but the pain of her arm was almost unbearable, and she was obliged to let the horse find his own way.

After riding farther on, the girl heard the clatter of horses' feet. Thinking it was her pursuers, she tried to quicken her horses' speed, but the pain in her arm was so great she could only hold to the saddle with her unhurt arm. Suddenly her horse neighed and was answered by another quite near.

"Oh, God," she murmured, "I want to die. Don't let them find me," and then she fainted.

When the girl awoke, she was in the Inn's sitting-room, and the morning sun was shining through the half-closed

blinds. She heard some one address Prince Mazzini, and turning, saw a tall man in military dress standing near the door. He turned, and Margurite closed her eyes. Surely she was not dreaming. She opened them again, and Lorraine was bending over her.


"Lorraine—Prince Mazzini," murmured the girl, "what does it mean?"

"It means, little sweetheart," whispered the lover, "that Lorraine and the hateful Prince Mazzini are one and the same."

"Lorraine," whispered the girl, "I am so happy."

G. Spooner Dunn, II. A.

THE LITTLE PAGE.

ENNETH," came sharply from the lips of the Duke. The dark, brocaded curtains parted and a slender, golden-haired lad of nine, clad in dark green velvet, entered.

"Be seated." The Duke waved toward a stiff high backed chair. The little page climbed into the chair and fixed his great dark eyes on the Duke. It was a picture any artist would have been glad to paint. The dark red of the chair made a striking background for the golden curls and the green velvet. Great dark eyes gazed out fearlessly from under long curling lashes, and the full red lips gave color to the pale face; and the tall, dark young man contrasted strangely with the boy.

"Kenneth," said the Duke, "to-morrow I go on a jour-

ney to my sister who lieth ill of the fever. I leave the Lady Marjorie to thy care. Thou'rt a good lad and a brave, and though thou art small methinks I can trust thee. I leave with thee also Geoffry and Old Gasper and Lady Marjorie's old nurse, Nan. Come, I will show thee a way of escape in case some band of marauders chance this way. In the troublous times 'tis wise to keep thy eyes and ears open, lad. Come and mind that thou sayest naught of this to anyone save me and the Lady Marjorie, if need be." The little page sprang from the chair and followed his master. They went through richly furnished rooms and long dark corridors that Kenneth had never seen before. At length they came to a door barred and locked more securely than the rest. The Duke strove in vain to loose them and said, "'Tis long since these bolts have been disturbed. Couldst find thy way back again thinkest thou? I would have thee bring me oil. These bolts are too much for me."

"Yes, my lord," 'Twere well an' I went alone. Then will it be easier should I be compelled to return in haste with her lady-ship."

"Well said, lad. Haste thee whilst I abide here." The child turned away and was quickly lost in darkness.

"One would think he were ninety instead of nine with his grave face and thoughtful mien," murmured the Duke. "I do well to leave Marjorie to his care, for though he is himself scarce more than a babe, I feel I may trust him. I will go to the armory and choose a sword, nay, I will let him choose it for himself. Perchance 'twill call forth one of those rare, sweet smiles." The Duke fell into a reverie, which was soon broken by the sound of footsteps.

"How now, art back again so soon? In truth thou'rt a trusty messenger. I am well pleased with thee." The child flushed happily, and together they oiled the bolts and opened the door. They stepped into a room bare with the exception of a cleverly executed portrait at the far end of the room.

"'Twere well had we brought a candle, but nay, I have not time to wait for one. Come over by the casement. See'st thou this portrait? Who thinkest thou 'tis likened to?"

"'Tis that of the Lady Marjorie, is't not, my lord?"

"Nay, 'tis her grandam. But in truth 'tis like her. Press the nose and thou'lt see a wonder come to pass."

A rare smile lit the boy's face as he obeyed. The picture slid back, and a beautifully carved door opened, letting in a flood of the late afternoon sun. Kenneth rubbed his eyes in amazement and at a word from the Duke ascended the steps disclosed. At the top was a small porch with crumbling marble steps leading down to a hedged path.

"This path leads through the woods. Come, we will go part of the way." They went to the edge of the forest, and the Duke gave the necessary directions to the boy. Then they returned to the castle, and the Duke presented Kenneth with a sword of his choice.

The next day the Duke started on his journey. The days that followed were full of pleasure to Kenneth and his six-year-old charge. They roamed at will through the rooms and picture galleries, gardens and parks.

For two weeks all went well; then one dark evening the little girl became weary and went to sleep in her father's great chair, her dark locks hung over the red

cushions, her red lips slightly open and long lashes sweeping her rose tinted cheeks. Kenneth standing by the casement, gazing admiringly at her, heard the faint galloping of a horse. He turned around and looked out the window. There stood Jeoffry and Old Gasper talking to a stranger on horseback. The room was too high for Kenneth to hear what they said; so he shut the window, threw a scarf over the sleeping child, and ran hurriedly down the dark, wide staircase. Turning to the left, he pushed open a door, and ran down a short hall. At the end was another door which he opened, and slipping through this, found himself in a hedged walk near that in which the three men were. Instinct told the child not to warn them of his presence, as he stepped out and made his way cautiously over the grass. He had scarcely gained the cover of the shrubbery when another man rode into view. Kenneth could now hear and see plainly; and what he heard drove all the usual color out of his face.

"The Duke is gone these two weeks and will not return for two more, I wot. He left her ladyship in charge of little Lord Kenneth, the page, and left with us old Nan, to keep them. There lieth the lady's sleeping chamber. To-night will I and thou, Jeoffry, feign sleep and thou mayest take her with thee. The Duke little thought to lose his child by my hand, but I have not forgot the beating I received for killing his hunting hound."

Then all the receding blood rushed angrily back to Kenneth's face. His one desire was to run Old Gasper through the body with his sword. He knew how angry and hurt the Duke would be; he who had trusted them with the thing he held most dear to be so basefully de-

ceived. But Kenneth was wise beyond his years. He knew he could do nothing there; so instead he turned and rushed back into the castle and quickly reached the chamber in which the Lady Marjoriè lay sleeping. He caught her hand and pulled her up crying: "Lady Marjorie, awake, quickly or all is lost. They would steal thee, Marjorie, but they shall not, they shall kill me first. O, come quickly ere it be too late." The child sprang to the floor with terror-stricken eyes.

"Fear not, my lady, Kenneth will save thee. Come, get thy cloak and hood, whilst I fetch food, for we must eat ere we leave."

Kenneth descended quickly to the kitchen, and found old Nan asleep by the fire. The child stealthily fetched food and drink and returned to his charge. They both ate a little, and Kenneth packed some food in a basket while Marjorie put on her cloak. Kenneth then put on his plumed velvet cap and hurried the frightened child through the dark rooms and corridors to the room of the picture. He told her of the picture, which made her laugh so that she forgot her fear and insisted on pressing the nose. The next instant they stood without in the dark, damp air; and Kenneth, catching her hand, hurried to the forest.

"Thy noble father, the Duke, did show me this path and told me of a hut some distance off. Let us hasten there and sleep till morn. None knew of it save he and I, so we shall be safe there for the night," whispered Kenneth. Marjorie agreed and, quickening their pace, they soon reached the hut. A pile of leaves made a couch for Marjorie, and Kenneth stretched himself on the floor beside her.

In the morning they set forth again. About noon they stopped to rest and eat lunch. Marjorie, frightened, began to talk.

"Whither art thou bound, Kenneth?" she asked.

"We go to meet thy father, Lady Marjorie. He—"

"Call me not Lady Marjorie," flashed she, stamping her foot; "I am Marjorie to thee."

"Thy pardon, I will call thee Marjorie right willingly. Thy father hath gone to see thy aunt. 'Tis thither we are bound. Many a weary day will be spent ere we reach that place. Thy father did bid me escape this way in case of danger." The meal was finished in silence, and then the two set forth once more:

A week passed, and still they had not reached their destination. The food gave out long since, and they were forced to live, like Babes in the Woods, on berries and nuts.

Their clothes became torn and soiled, and their cheeks grew thin and pale. Marjorie's thin slippers had long since worn out and Kenneth made her wear his; he himself went barefooted. At last Marjorie grew too weak to walk, and Kenneth made a sledge of small trees and bushes and dragged her along.

One day, as night drew near, the children stopped to rest under a tree, and Kenneth climbed up to see if he could find a light. He strained his eyes in every direction, and just as he was beginning to lose hope, a light flashed out very near. Kenneth slid to the ground.

"Marjorie, dear, I see a light. 'Tis near, and soon we shall reach shelter and food. Bear up, I will pull thee quickly."

"Were it not best to leave me and hasten on alone? Thou hast not strength for both."

"Nay, a thousand times, sooner would I die. Thou art not heavy now," he finished sadly. So the brave little lad, in great excitement, which lent strength to his weak arms, drew the child on and soon reached her aunt's castle. As he neared the gate, his strength failed him, and he sank down beside her unconscious. A kind-hearted guard took them to the Duke, not knowing who they were.

Marjorie speedily recovered, but the little page for days hovered between life and death. At last one day, when hope was almost gone, he opened his great dark eyes and murmured, "Marjorie."

"I am here," she answered softly, laying her cool hand on his forehead.

"Kiss me, Marjo-r-i-e," his voice trailed off into silence. The little girl bent over and kissed him on the lips. He caught her hand, sighed deeply and sank into a deep sleep.


When he awoke, his fever had gone, and he began to recover.

A month later a small, golden-haired lad clad in black velvet and a black-haired maiden were seen walking with a tall dark man down a street in London. A stranger, standing by, remarked on the beauty of the pair and asked who they were.

"Doff thy cap, thou illbred dolt, 'tis Lady Marjorie Gray, daughter of the Duke who dwells in yonder castle, and Lord Kenneth, son of the late Lord Roland, who saved her life. Hast not heard of it? 'Tis on the tongue of everyone. On Easter they will be married, and the little master will become heir to the Duke's estate," answered a bystander, whipping off his cap and bowing to the ground in response to Kenneth's greeting.

Mary Anderson Gilliam, '16,

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES.

ATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, the author of *The House of the Seven Gables*, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, 1804. His ancestors were Puritans, and he was well qualified for writing this book because they were persecutors of witchcraft. The ancestors of the characters in the story lived during the time of witchcraft. The scene of this romance is laid in Salem, Massachusetts, in a house of seven gables, which was built during the time of witchcraft. Hawthorne's purpose in writing *The House of the Seven Gables* is to teach us that the wrong-doing of one generation lives into the following generations.

The house of the seven gables was the house which Colonel Pyncheon build on the land which he wrested from Matthew Maule, who was executed as a witch. The chief characters, Hepzibah, Clifford, Phoebe, Holgrave, and Judge Pyncheon, are descendants of these two men. Just before Matthew Maule was executed, he pointed to Colonel Pyncheon and said, "God will give him blood to drink!" Colonel Pyncheon had blood to drink and so did his grandchild, Judge Pyncheon.

In reading this story we cannot help sympathizing with Hepzibah and Clifford, who were continually worried by Judge Pyncheon. Phoebe and Holgrave are characters we enjoy reading about, while Judge Pyncheon makes us dislike him at once on account of his sultry smile, which

he bestowed on everybody, and the bad character which he tried to hide by his smile.

The house of the seven gables was a very old and dreary house, but it was worse before Phoebe came than afterwards. She seemed to brighten it up and to make it look more cheerful. More burdens and cares were added to Hepzibah's already heavy burden when Clifford returned from prison, where he had been confined and made to suffer for a crime which Judge Pyncheon had committed. Judge Pyncheon's visits to Hepzibah's cent-shop were always very painful to her. On one occasion he declared that he had to speak to Clifford because he believed he knew where he could obtain the title to some property which he desired. While he was in the parlor waiting for Clifford, he suddenly died.

Hepzibah and Clifford left the house and boarded a train which was leaving the town at the time. Phoebe came back after a visit to the country and could not find Hepzibah. Holgrave, who lived in one part of the house, met her at the door, and told her about the Judge's death. They were closely drawn together by the sense of being the only ones in the house with the dead. Hepzibah and Clifford returned and found the lost title, then left the house and went to live in the Judge's country home.

I enjoyed reading the story on account of the entertainment which it affords, the lesson it teaches, and the humor which the author often uses in describing different things. I think that *The House of the Seven Gables* is a very good book to be read in the schools.

Florence Clements, '16.



SOME THINGS WE NEED.

Is Petersburg, the aristocratic and historic center of old Virginia, to be left behind in the pursuit of modern ideas and raise her future citizens with the handicap of inadequate education? Every city that has at heart the well-fare and happiness of her citizens is endeavoring to bring the educational advantages that she offers up to a higher degree of perfection. To this end she erects large and well-equipped buildings, she arranges the course best suited to the needs of her young people, she gets the best prepared and most thorough teachers possible; and is always especially careful to insure comfort and sanity. Is our city, which in population ranks fifth in Virginia and which certainly desires and aims for the very best for her youth, reaching up to this standard?

In the education and training of the mind our High School is above the average. The pupils who go from us to other schools find themselves thoroughly prepared for their work and glowing accounts have come back to us from schools to which our graduates have gone,

But what of the physical training? Is not this also very important?

Go talk to almost any father or mother about their children and they will almost invariably say, "I would rather my child keep strong and well than lead his class."

We need a gymnasium dreadfully. Boys in the country get exercise enough raking hay and chopping wood, but city boys, who are in large majority in our school, need just the exercise that a gymnasium offers. They need too a manual training course. Other places, smaller and less wealthy than Petersburg, have it; why should not we?

Our girls need a domestic science course. They who are to be the future house-keepers and home-makers of our city certainly ought to have the best possible means of preparing themselves to grace this position.

The gymnasium is impossible without a new building and, while we hope to introduce into our curriculum next year domestic science and manual training courses, we can only do so on a very small scale because of the inadequacy of our building.

Furthermore, the school is growing each year. More are coming in from the seventh grade than are being graduated, and more room is needed. New graded schools have been built from time to time, but we have never had a new High School building.

We call the attention of our School Board to these matters in an earnest attempt to help them see the necessity for, and benefit to be derived from, a New High School building.

Exchange Department.

M. FRANCIS DREWRY, - - - Editor.

We extend a hearty welcome to our new exchange, *The Blue and the Gray*, a magazine which reflects ample credit upon the students whose talent and work have thus been combined to establish so worthy a memorial of their school days. In accordance with your own conception of the value of literary criticism, we take this opportunity to suggest that you arrange your excellent material in a more systematic manner.

Certainly, none of our exchanges was enjoyed this month more than *The Blue and White*, an exceedingly bright and clever magazine throughout. The interesting stories, the practical editorials, and the originality and humor that shine on each page lead us to wish that this paper were published more than four times a session. We have but one fault to find in this instance: the athletics are not made sufficiently prominent. In most schools athletics occupy too important a place; yet no school should ignore them. We trust that in your next issue this failing will be corrected by placing the athletics nearer the editorials.

Every department of *The Lowell* is exceedingly well balanced, full, and interesting. From the lengthy and excellent literary department to the humorous joke

column the magazine leaves little to be desired except a few exchange and alumni notes, which would render *The Lowell* additionally attractive to outsiders. With the splendid opportunities offered by your school, its spacious new building, its numerous organizations, and its broad field of athletics—we are surely justified in expecting great things of you.

After reading what the *Criterion* has to say on the subject of exchange criticism, we hardly dare to express our opinion about this paper. Do you not think you are somewhat mistaken in the stand that you take? Your magazine is not “picked to pieces” in order to fill up exchange columns of other papers, but in order to benefit you by pointing out your mistakes. Exchange notes are written in a friendly way; do you think it is just to take them otherwise? However, since you do resent a candid opinion, we will endeavor to mention the good features; of the others we shall only call attention to the fact that all your jokes are “exchange.” The literary department of the *Criterion* is surpassed by few high school publications. The story, *Loverness versus Eavesdropper* is indeed entertaining and delightful, to say nothing of the other two stories, which are close seconds to this one.

The February number of *The William and Mary Literary Magazine*, as we might expect from a college of such standing, offers an almost perfect collection of stories and poems. In the latter respect this magazine is especially remarkable, for good, beautiful poems are usually few and far between in even the best collections of literature; while *The William and Mary Literary Magazine* contains much verse, the quantity of which

detracts not a particle from its quality. *Las Mariposas* presents a perfect marvel of natural description, and is so pervaded with the atmosphere of the Caribbean isles that one is deeply impressed with a sense of reality, which characteristic is also prominent in *The Masquerade Ball*. This issue should be especially commended for the reason that the old historic interests of the town are so well taken advantage of in *Antiquities of Williamsburg*. In spite of abundant praise, we have two unfavorable criticisms to make; the section *Famous and Infamous* seems to have no definite object, and the exchange department is rather severe in its condemnation of that which fails to meet its approval.

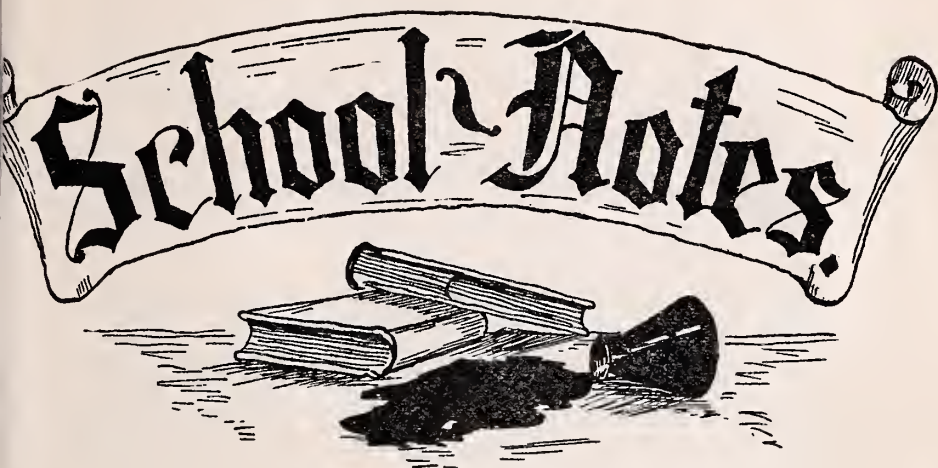
In looking through the *Mary Baldwin Miscellany* one finds a lengthy literary department, full of variety. The names and appearance of the poems, essays, and stories attract him to further investigation, which results in an hour of pleasant reading. His time is amply rewarded by a keen insight into the lives and work of the Mary Baldwin students, but, notwithstanding, a few jokes would add a touch of humor and would relieve the strain of the more dignified literature.

We should like to have a word with the *Nobleman* concerning the essentials of a school paper. If your idea is that of a sporting magazine, in which the athletic proceedings of the students are recounted in full, with a story or two in addition, we have little fault to find; but usually a school magazine is considered an expression of the school life and work of the pupils, a paper abounding in literature especially, with athletics subordinate. If you accept the latter conception, your magazine is entirely inadequate. We leave the selection to you. Further-

more, we make a second appeal to the *Nobleman* concerning its principles. Does an Exchange Department devoid of criticism answer the purpose for which it is established? In your next issue you may answer this question affirmatively or negatively by leaving your columns as they are or by adding suggestions and reviews to your list of exchanges. In spite of difference of opinion on some topics, we do not wish the *Nobleman* to think that in our eyes it has no good points. To the contrary, there is much to please every reader of this paper, especially its *Stamp Collector's Department* and its story, *The Empty House*.

We wish to acknowledge with due appreciation the following. *The Oracle*, *The Virginian*, *The Focus*, *The Monthly Chronicle*, *The Record*, *The World*, *College Topics*, *The Virginia Guide*, and *The Flat Hat*. Each of these has many good points and is thoroughly enjoyed by us.

M. Francis Drewry.



Mr. Mc: "Where did Alexander's expedition begin?"

Miss M: "On page 149."

Mr. Smithey thinks the IIIB class is the most generous class in school; for the other day, during a ten-minute recess, he visited them and received a piece of cake and a *current event*.

Miss M: "Give me a sentence illustrating a condition assumed to be a fact."

Miss R: "If I were in your place I would go."

Mr. Mc. on becoming excited the other day said: "He had gotten almost to the toe of the heel."

Miss D: "What do you think of a man who thinks he knows it all?"

Mr. B: "I think he is broad-minded."

A member of the IVA Civics class recently stated that an alien may be made a citizen of the United States by the process of "neutralization." Can anyone explain this process?

In giving giving reasons for being proud of Virginia,

Mr. Booth, of IVA, stated that he was proud of Virginia because he lived there.

Mr. A. of IIIB wants to know if you can do four things, six at a time. All information concerning same will be appreciated.

Miss R: "Why do you all write in the holes in the board, when here is the whole board?"

Mr. Booth of IVA class, seems not quite so bashful as a minstrel performer as when he says quotations in assembly. Perhaps his minstrel companions hides his blushes.

We are glad to announce that Judge Robert C. Jackson of Roanoke, a gifted speaker and a distinguished member of the Virginia Bench, will make the literary address at our commencement, at the Academy of Music, on the night of June 10th.

The High School was closed on Friday, April 18th, so that the faculty could attend the session of the Southern Educational Conference in Richmond. May many such conventions come to Richmond!

It gives us pleasure to announce that Miss Jean Trigg will have charge of the musical programme for our commencement. The High School pupils are all delighted.

THE FIRE-DRILL.

One! two! three! four! five! six! seven!
High School children think that's heaven;
Some leave Latin, some leave French.
My! Our fire drill's such a cinch!
Did you hear that sudden clamore?
Did I! Yes, it came in grammar;
Ain't it grand to miss them phrases,
Just to run from would-be blazes?

The "Ad." Department.

Greatest Want and Lost and Found medium
in Virginia, and one of the
best in America.

[Want Ad. Rates: Monthly, one cent per word when paid for in advance. No ad. taken for less than 20 cents. No ad. taken for less than 25 cents when 'phoned in or charged at the counter. 'Phone orders not guaranteed. Classifications not guaranteed after Missile goes to press. For business contracts, send for the Want Ad. Boy. 'Phone 159].

Wanted: A little animation.—Mr. Bowman.

Wanted: By the IVA class, one copy of Skeat's edition of Chaucer's Prologue.

Wanted: The twenty minutes willed to her by the February class which Mr. Smithey has taken for assembly.—Miss Rives.

Wanted: A high chair for the baby of IIIA class,—
"Microbe."

Wanted: A special dinner for Mr. S. of IIIB at 1:50 o'clock daily.

Wanted: By the IVA class, a memory machine for Mr. B's especial benefit.

Wanted: A dictaphone for IIIB to be used at dictation times, when everybody gets excited.

Wanted: A mosquito-net to keep the "Skeeter" from the "Peach" of the IIIA class.

Wanted: An advance copy of the IVB examinations.

For Sale: Five hundred copies of the "Missile." If not sold soon, will be given away.

The IVB class will soon publish a book, "The Orations of Wyatt;" orders solicited now.

Lost: A complete set of "airs;" finder will please return them to Miss Dillon and receive reward.

Lost, Strayed, or Stolen: From my house on the night of April 18th, a person, answering to the name of "Harvey." If found please return to Miss Kruse.

Wanted: By the IVB class, a president with brains; all free transportation for the one they have, to the nearest insane asylum.

Wanted: "Someone to appreciate me and my jokes."
—Wingo.

An epidemic of Spring Fever has suddenly broken out among the pupils of IVB English class. "Am willing to pay any price for a cure."—Miss Dargan.

As the boys are in the IVB class.

(Son) Gill:—"Big head and little wit."

(Preacher) Ribble:—"The world is full of fools."

(Cicero) Scott:—"I am little but I am loud."

(Tom) Wells:—"Enough and more than enough."

(Les) Wingo:—"He has the gift of gab in Dago."

(J. T.) Wyatt:—"A harmless thunderbolt."

(Katy) Stribling:—"Love is mighty but money is almighty."

(Gus) Svetlik:—"The less a man thinks the more he talks."

ROLL OF HONOR.

The Roll of Honor for the High School for the school month ending April 2, is as follows:

IVB—Agnes Stribling, C. Frank Scott, Gustav Svetlik.

IVA—Elizabeth Drewry, Wallace Bowman.

IIIB—Dabney Burfoot, Lloyd Goulder, Otelia Cook, Francis Drewry, Virginia Ridenour, Sadie Walke.

IIIA—Lucy Wood, Florence Clements.

IIA—Wm. Nufer, Wade Temple, Alice Leigh Mason, Ruth Roper.

IB—Theodore Roettger, Evelyn Butcher.

IA—Richard Gill, Hovey Sheffield.

Social Notes.

The following readings complete the month's study of Scott:

Reading, The Execution of Monrose Mr. Wyatt
Reading, The address of Bruce to his soldiers before the
battle of Bannockhum Mr. Buchanan

The Wednesday assembly of the past month have been devoted to the study of Robert Burns. The programs rendered are as follows:

Singing, Annie Laurie The School
Reading, To Jean, Highland Mary ———
Vocal Solo, Coming Thro' the Rye Miss Barter
Singing, Auld Lang Syne The School
Reading, How Lang and Dreary is the night, O, wert thou
in the Cauld Blast, The Banks o'bonie, Doon, Flow
Gently Sweet Afton Miss Hinton
Vocal Solo, Flow Gently, Sweet Afton . . . Miss Couch
Reading, Lines to a Mountain Daisy . . . Miss Warren
Reading, John Anderson, Lines to a Mouse, For a'
That Miss Butts

On Friday evening, the 18th of April, at the Duncan Brown School, a delightful entertainment, consisting of two parts, a minstrel and a play in two acts, was given for the benefit of the High School MISSILE. The play, *Mr. Bot*, was the same as was given by the graduating class of February at their class day exercise. This entertainment was a total success, and the sum of \$70 was

realized from it. We wish to congratulate Mr. Wolff and those who took part in the entertainment on its great success.

On the 8th of April a helpful talk was given to the school by Rev. F. G. Scott, the father of our Mr. Scott.

The programs on current events given during the past month, are as follows:

IB.

Shifting the Burden Taxation Miss Farthing
The Seventeenth Amendment Mr. Moody

II. A.

The Disasters in the West Mr. Temple
The Mexican Situation and the Attitude of the United
States Miss Dunn
The Balkan Situation Miss Roper
The Discovery of a Tuberculer Cure by Dr. Friedman
. Mr. Uufer

I. B.

Dr. Friedman reveals the Process by which he makes his
Serum for the Cure of Tuberculosis . . . Mr. Hays
The Proceedings of the Common Council . Miss Bowman
Comments on the life and character of the late Pierpont
Morgan Mr. Hinton
The New Ambassador to England . . . Miss Townes

IA.

Two Great Undertakings, What is being done on the
Anniversary of the Titanic Disaster . . Mr. Sheffield
The Dictograph Mr. Reed
The Kinetophone Mr. Ribble
The Will of J. P. Morgan Miss Allgood
Editorial Mr. Reese

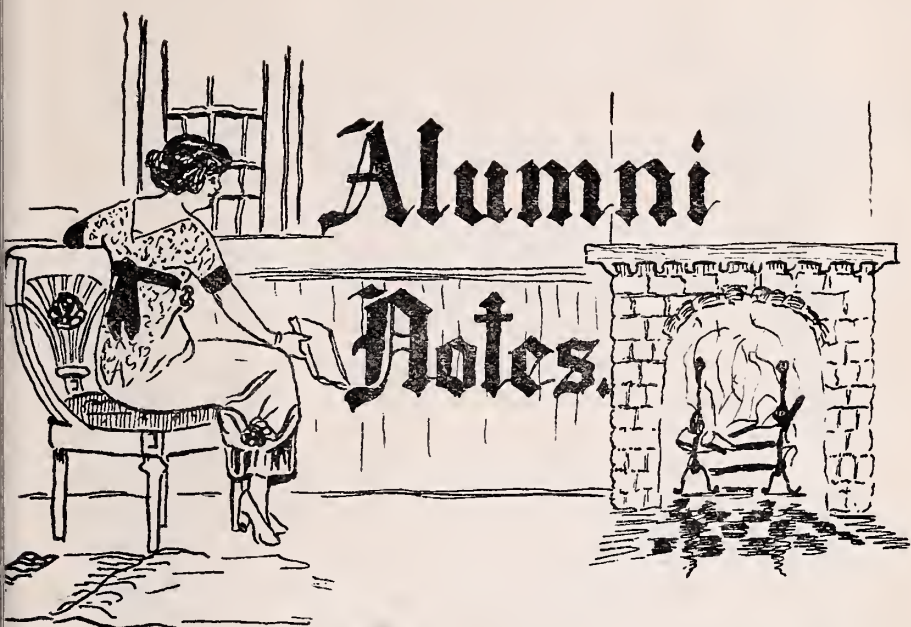
During the past month the school was favored with a talk by Mr. Holcomb, an evangelist at the Washington Street Methodist Church and at the Second Baptist Church. With Mr. Holcomb were Dr. Booker and Mr. Moore.

On Thursday, the 24th of April, an enjoyable assembly was conducted by Rev. G. H. Spooner. Mr. Tilman, who is assisting in the revival services at Market Street Church, made a short but impressive talk. With his daughter he sang a duet, "Keep Me Away From the World," accompanied by Mrs. Cleveland Wright. Next Mrs. Wright sang with them "Give Me Jesus." The sweet solo entitled "Mother," sung by Mr. Tilman, closed the program.

On the 23rd of April the school celebrated Shakespeare's anniversary. Miss Dargon prepared the following program:

Reading from *As You Like It* . . . Misses Donnon and Walke.

Sonnet, *Remembrance* Miss Hays
Song, Hark, Hark, the Lark The School



BEATRICE M. COLEMAN, EDITOR.

Nettie Kidd, of class of '07, is now with the firm of Stockdell & Myers.

Moriss Gates is employed at the Norfolk & Western railroad.

Willie Talbott, a former student of P. H. S., is now employed as bookkeeper at the Petersburg Gas Co.

May Ragland, a former student of P. H. S., was married in Baltimore on April 26th to Dr. Leo Cavanaugh.

Sarah Marks is now working at Seward's Trunk & Bag Co.

Leslie Blick, of class of '08, is teaching at the Jackson School.

John Myers, of class of '08, is now working in Charlotte, N. C.

Wales Wynne, a former student of P. H. S. and a member of the graduating class of R. M. C., has had to return home on account of his father's illness.

Sam Pritchard is now the receiving teller of the National Bank.

Beal Bordley is working for the British American Co.

Proctor Gresham is now with the American Hardware Company.

Fannie Hobson, a former pupil of P. H. S., is now in training at St. Vincent's Hospital, Norfolk, Va.

Alvin James, a former pupil of P. H. S., is a member of the graduating class at Richmond Medical College.

Bessie Scoggin is teaching at the Jackson School.

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A
DANGEROUS THING

$$\begin{array}{r} 5-3=1 \\ 5 \times 3 = 14 \end{array}$$



A Few Pointers

The IVA's went through Hamlet,
And won the rep of "Star"
But when she said "Read Chaucer, please"
T'was stretching things too far.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Flunk—and they laugh at you!

THE REFRAIN OF THE TORTURED.

Oh, study is a hated thing
Unloved from pole to pole,
So let no praise to him be sung
Who sent this dreadful plague so rum,
And put us in the hole.

A TIP FOR FATHERS.

An Irish father sent his daughter's "steady" home in a hurry the other night by calling down the stairs: "Mary, if the young man is afraid to go alone, tell him to wait a few minutes and ride home with the milk man."

MODERN INVENTION.

Arthur: "How did he make his money? Why, on inventions of course!"

Ethel: "Indeed?"

Arthur: "Yes, invented a long line of royal ancestors and married an heiress."

SO THE ORACLE SAYS.

When women get the right to vote
There's going to be a change,
Instead of suits of blue and brass
The hobble skirts will rage.
This will make the marching slow
And men perhaps will mock
But suffragettes cry, "Hatpins, hatpins,
Pistols to the block."

'Twas ever thus.
June! Exams!
Cram you must!
Commencement night!
For you 'tis—Bust!

She stood on the bridge at midnight
And looked on the waters deep,
With a sigh she turned and longingly gazed
On the city buried in sleep.
Then she moved to the side of the awful depth,
By trouble and grief gone mad,
But her hobble would not allow the step,
She was saved you say, by—a fad.

"I'm going with a politician now."
"What is he? A Democrat?"
"No, Ma'm."
"A Republican?"
"No, Ma'm."
"What are his principles then?"
"He's got no principles; he's a politician."

LIKELY!

"But I've heard that you've proposed to three girls this month."

"Well, you see, I—er—er was merely rehearsing for my proposal to you."

THE LAST CHANCE.

Mr. Speedy: "Do you care for outdoor sports?"

Miss Wallflower: "Why, I never thought—you are one, aren't you? Oh, Mr. Speedy! this is so sudden!"

WHAT COUNTS.

It's not the thing you intended
Or what you planned to do,
Nor the thing you were urged to accomplish
Or what you hoped would go through.

All of your aims will not help you
Nor hoping be of much amount
For't isn't the mere form of wishing
But the thing that you DO which counts.

BALKED AT THE BASIN.

An American visiting London for the first time was goaded to desperation by the incessant necessity for tips. Finally he entered a washroom in his hotel, only to be faced by a large sign which read: "Please tip the basin after using."

"Never," said the Yankee, turning on his heels, "I'll go dirty first."

ONLY TOO GLAD.

Wealth may be a burden,
That weighs down like a boulder
But it's one burden we all,
Would like a chance to shoulder.

OUR LANGUAGE IS SO EXPLICIT.

The tradesman had rendered his bill, waited a month and then wrote: "Please sir, I want my bill."

Back came the bill with these words: "Certainly, here it is."

The bill was returned, and in a month the tradesman again wrote: "Kindly send me the amount of my bill."

And the answer came, promptly and politely: "Certainly, it is \$104.26."

The third month the tradesman again wrote: "Will you send me a check for the amount of my bill."

The answer came, with a blank unsigned check: "Certainly, here is the check. I have kept the amount of your bill."

The fourth month the tradesman wrote: "I want my bill paid."

And the answer came back: "So do I."

And the tradesman gave it up.

KEEPING UP.

This world is going on apace,
We should praise her to the stars,
And Petersburg is keeping up:—
With her "pay as you enter cars."



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